THE NATION
1865 Centennial Year 1965
AUGUST 2, 1965 . . 35c

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THE WAR ON POVERTY

Are the Poor Left Out?

Richard A. Cloward

SCOREBOARD on CUBA

A Revolution Revisited

Leo Huberman

Draper on Castroism

A Review by Samuel Shapiro

EDITORIAL

White & Schlesinger

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LETTERS

Voting requirements

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: In your editorial on the disenfranchising effect of state length-of-residence requirements ["Obstacles to Voting," July 5] you failed to note that there are seventeen states with laws similar to that in Wisconsin which permit new residents to vote in Presidential elections on the basis of a period of residence shorter than that required of voters in other elections. Further, there are seven states with laws like the one in Connecticut which permit absentee voting for President by former residents who have not met residence requirements in their new states.

In the fall of 1964, a case was brought in federal court under the sponsorship of the American Civil Liberties Union on behalf of a Maryland couple, alleging that as new residents they were about to lose their franchise in the Presidential election. . . . Although we lost *Drueding* v. *Devlin* in the district court and the Supreme Court affirmed . . . the litigation did reap an indirect benefit. As a result of the ACLU's prodding, the Maryland legislature has just enacted and the Governor has just signed a new law granting the right to vote in Presidential elections to new residents who have lived in the state for at least forty-five days.

Allison W. Brown, Jr.

Paul Y. Anderson

Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs: Lillian Elkin has mailed me a copy of the May 31 issue of *The Nation*, carrying her article based on some of the events in the reportorial career of my late brother, Paul Y. Anderson, whom you call *"The Nation's* Angry Man." May I say I appreciate the accuracy and fidelity to detail with which Miss Elkin has presented her subject. . . .

The freedom accorded Paul in choosing his subjects and presenting his convictions and evaluations during the years he was writing for *The Nation* was a source of deep gratification to him; particularly in his condemnation of "wickedness in high places" the feeling of confidence and assurance that *The Nation* was squarely behind him. . . . *Myrtle M. Anderson*

Survival in Alabama

Madison, Wis.

Dear Sirs: Grandin Conover, reviewing *Letters From Mississippi* [*The Nation*, June 21], states: "If even an hour's orientation on the facts of life in Alabama had been provided for the Selma marchers organized by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Mrs. Liuzzo might not have been riding with a Negro in the front seat. In Lowndes County that's for professionals."

As anyone who went to Selma knows, an hour-plus orientation session was provided and made available to all newcomers. . . . The essential rules of survival were more than adequately stressed. . . . Mr. Conover . . . suggests through implication that a professional would have "survived" the brutal murder. This is absurd and reeks of the "in-group" jealousy of many "professionals." Professionals are not bulletproof. . . .

Patrick M. Quinn

Lincoln on Vietnam

Mays Landing, N.J.

Dear Sirs: In the era of Vietnam, the following Lincoln story (that I think Sandburg dug up) needs no comment:

Lincoln told of a Congressman who had opposed the War of 1812, and when asked to oppose the Mexican War (as Lincoln did) answered: "I opposed one war; that was enough for me. I am now perpetually in favor of war, pestilence, and famine."

Walter Lowenfels

Touring the South

New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs: Imagine, if you can, a Negro church in a Mississippi town on a hot August evening, jammed to the doors with men, women and children attentively watching a live performance of Samuel Beckett's disturbing and powerful *Waiting for Godot.* Imagination boggles.

Yet this improbable scene was enacted no less than twenty-three times last summer, during the second Mississippi tour of Free Southern Theater, an integrated professional company based in New Orleans and committed to "bringing theatre to those who have no theatre." ("Theatre of the Meaningful," by Elizabeth Sutherland, *The Nation*, Oct. 19, 1964). . . .

FST's 1965 tour, starting in Jackson, Aug. 1, will reach twenty-one communities, offering Duberman's *In White America*, Brecht's *Rifles of Senora Carrar* and Sean O'Casey's *Shadow of a Gunman*, presented under the dynamic and imaginative direction of Robert Cordier. By the end of 1965, FST will have brought a vivid, exciting encounter with live theatre to 50,000 to 60,000 people who, until two years ago, had never seen a play.

As FST begins its third Southern tour, contributions are urgently needed. Bare-bone operating expenses total more than $800 a week. The company still needs to acquire such basic capital necessities as a car and a truck to transport actors and props, a portable stage, a mimeograph machine. Money is desperately short. . . .

Contributions are tax deductible. They should be sent to Free Southern Theater, Inc., Box 2374, New Orleans, La. *Robert S. Lehman, Minister Unitarian Church of Los Alamos, N.M.*

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The Nation, Aug. 2, 1965. Vol. 201, No. 3

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1965 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service

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Proconsuls and Ambassadors

If the replacement in Saigon of Maxwell Taylor by Henry Cabot Lodge came as a surprise, Arthur J. Goldberg's appointment as United States Representative to the United Nations was a bolt out of the blue. The more unexpected the event, the more eagerly the press will search for hidden motives—a job difficult at best and downright perilous when the Presidential psyche is Mr. Johnson's. It seems clear, however, that one explanation of Mr. Lodge's return to Saigon—that it is a bid for a return to bipartisanship—is off the mark. Whatever popularity Mr. Lodge may have had at one time with the Goldwater faction of the Republican Party he lost when he came back to the States with the avowed purpose of blocking Goldwater's nomination. He cannot deflect Republican lightnings from Mr. Johnson's head; he may actually attract them, since even the appearance of moderation is anathema to those critics of the Administration who are calling for all-out war against North Vietnam, and are ready to take on the Soviet Union and China as well. It is much more probable that the President fell back on Mr. Lodge because General Taylor was getting nowhere and wanted to be relieved. Knowing the ground, Mr. Lodge has as good a chance as anyone of not making things worse.

To call either General Taylor or Mr. Lodge an ambassador is a misuse of the term. Essentially our man in Saigon is the governor of a turbulent province in the American sphere of influence around China. As Pilate had to mediate among the Jewish factions in Palestine, our ambassador, so-called, must take into account the differences between Catholics and Buddhists and the various factions among the South Vietnamese generals, and try to convince the people that the bombing and slaughter are for their own good. It is unlikely that Mr. Lodge will be more successful in this endeavor now than he was in the past.

The appointment of Justice Goldberg is a far more important Presidential move and affords at least a glimmer of hope that a way out of the Vietnam morass can be found. After Adlai Stevenson's death, the fact emerged that the role of trial lawyer for his country, even before such an august tribunal as the UN, had become less and less to his liking: it was, in fact, an outrageous misuse of an outstanding talent. Probably the President today realizes as much—the dead often have power which is denied to the living. Mr. Johnson's decision to ask Mr. Goldberg to leave the Court simultaneously upgrades the position of U.S. Representative to the UN, puts Mr. Johnson in Mr. Goldberg's debt, and ensures against a repetition of the humiliation to which Mr. Stevenson was subjected, and to which he unhappily submitted.

For Mr. Goldberg the title of ambassador will not be an empty one. Although he is not well known abroad, and has little experience in foreign affairs, he is admirably suited for the post. He is a tough, resourceful negotiator, with a record of getting to the core of a dispute, trimming off the peripheral animosities and finding a solution acceptable to the contestants. Getting sovereign states to agree may be more difficult than reconciling labor and management in the steel industry, but it cannot be much more difficult. Mr. Goldberg does not come to his task without preparation.

That the Goldberg appointment may have a bearing on the Vietnam impasse is not mere surmise. Mr. Johnson presumably is not going into a full-scale war in Southeast Asia with a light heart. He has finally taken note of Senator Morse's oft-repeated argument that the war should be referred to the UN. Mr. Goldberg's presence there may relieve the pressure for a military "solution" (which is inherently impossible) and facilitate a beginning of negotiations.

The Taste of Memory

The almost simultaneous appearance of *The Making of the President 1964* by Theodore H. White and (in *Life* serialization) *A Thousand Days: John F. Kennedy in the White House* by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., is further evidence that the United States has entered its late Roman age, when the citizen views government as popular entertainment and political leaders as glamorous stars with whom he can vicariously taste the intoxication of power. Both books could justifiably be subtitled "What the Valet Saw," in the sense that their appeal derives less from their analysis of public affairs than from their revelations of private behavior.

Whatever one may think of this trend, it is clear that Mr. White is a brilliant purveyor to the taste of his times. Having turned the trick initially in 1960, he repeated triumphantly in 1964 with much less interesting material and despite the fact that his principal character, Lyndon Johnson, refused the reporter all access to his person. Mr. White is a technician, a professional journalist; no one is ever in doubt as to what he is up to—he is making an excellent living by the exercise of a well-trained talent.

With Dr. Schlesinger the situation is rather different. He came first into national prominence as one of the most formidable of the younger American historians, a highly publicized member of Harvard's outstanding faculty. John F. Kennedy lifted him from

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated Aug. 16 and Aug. 30.

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that academic community and made him a personal adviser, in which post he served—we have no doubt most effectively—during the life of the late President. He worked and lived on terms of great intimacy with the nation's leader, was privy to his most intimate thoughts and moods, received him in his home and was received in turn. Though he was not present in the White House as a journalist, Professor Schlesinger no doubt made clear to the President that, as a historian, he would some day set down on paper a record of his first-hand participation in the affairs of state. However, one wonders if Mr. Kennedy anticipated the tone of what was to be published.

As a work of history, Schlesinger's book may prove to be unique for the fact that his references to himself are second in number only to his references to his main character. Beyond that, he has an extraordinary memory for what people eat and drink, what they wear on informal occasions, how they address members of their family. He permits himself to compliment the late President's wife on her beauty and charm; he describes the couple's actions and quotes their conversation when they were in their bedroom and must have thought themselves alone.

The second *Life* installment of *A Thousand Days* covers the period of the Bay of Pigs. The main points made in Schlesinger's recollection of the behind-scenes events which culminated in this tragic adventure are an assurance to his readers that he opposed it almost from the start and a public expression of regret that he, a very junior member of the conferences, did not rise up and somehow stop the dreadful error. The chapter ends with a tableau (again in the bedroom) of the President almost sobbing as he takes his wife into his arms.

According to Schlesinger's first *Life* installment, Mr. Kennedy considered Richard Nixon to be a man without taste. Reading these two installments, one is forced to ask how the late President would have characterized this memoir by his confidant. It strikes us that the unfortunate effects of the book may long outlast its predictable popularity. Scholars by their intelligence and special knowledge can contribute immeasurably to government, but a future President who had read *A Thousand Days* might well think twice before inviting any potential Boswell into his administrative family.

Escalation & Counter-Escalation

The air war against North Vietnam has now been in progress for more than five months, yet the North Vietnamese have not learned, in Secretary Rusk's immortal phrase, to let their neighbors alone. For the same length of time the Russians have been vowing to punish the United States for its punishment of the Vietnamese. This repetitious fuming can hardly go on much longer without the Russians losing such face as they have left. When they come to the end of the verbal rope, what form will action take? Exercises in exploratory Washington journalism have brought the suggestion that the surface-to-air sites being prepared near Hanoi may be used for medium-range ballistic attacks on South Vietnam, with conventional warheads. Another published speculation is that Russian IL-28 bombers, believed to be based in the Hanoi area, escorted by MIG-21 fighters, might attack U.S. aircraft carriers steaming off Vietnam.

Nothing can be ruled out in war, but neither of these ideas seems at all plausible. Fixed-site MRBMs could be disposed of by low-flying American fighter-bombers. As for an attack on the carriers, it might possibly be launched by the Chinese, if they had the means and felt their own security to be at stake, but the present Soviet regime has shown the utmost reluctance to provoke the United States. If a carrier were sunk, or even damaged, such restraint as the Administration has imposed on itself would vanish. Short of a reversion to Stalinism, the Russians appear to have no stomach for such a drastic confrontation.

This does not mean, however, that the Russians are impotent and will not react at some point with means of their choice and with the consent of the Ho Chi Minh regime. The distances in Vietnam are not great. From the farthest north of the Vietnam-China border to the southernmost tip of the Indo-Chinese peninsula is less than 1,200 nautical miles. On VE Day, in Moscow, the Soviets displayed vehicle-mounted mobile medium range missiles (MMRBM) probably capable of covering that distance with a warhead of considerable weight. But weapons of this size might not be necessary. From Hanoi, Danang is about 350 nm, Pleiku about 475 nm; from points close to the 17th Parallel, Danang could be brought under missile fire at a range of 100 nm. Battlefield-support weapons, similar to the U.S. Army's Pershing, with a range of about 400 nm, solid fuel propulsion, inertial guidance, and transport on tracked vehicles, would suffice. The Russians have such weapons in quantity.

Congestion at the principal American air bases in South Vietnam is such that the aircraft cannot be dispersed to minimize the effect of local Vietcong mortar attacks. Under these conditions, missile attacks with conventional warheads might be successful. The missiles would have quick-launch capability and would present a poor target for reconnaissance and bombing. At the same time, direct combat between Soviet and U.S. airmen would be avoided.

But not necessarily for long. From the standpoint of efficiency, conventional warheads leave much to be desired. Pound for pound, the nuclear weapon affords a multiplication factor of tens or hundreds of thousands. When the belligerents begin using missile delivery systems, the temptation to resort to these high yields will become almost irresistible. The missile people will be eager to get into the act, as the Strategic Air Command has already managed to engage itself in the Vietnam rain forests. A vast arsenal of nuclear warheads of all sizes has been accumulated. It takes a good deal of optimism to visualize reciprocal escalation without ultimate resort to the ultimate weapons.

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Mars and Motor Cars

Whatever the Mariner 4 photography and scientific measurements of the planet Mars may reveal, the process for recording and transmitting the data is one of the marvels of modern technology. If only the same ingenuity and lavish expenditure were devoted to mundane problems, Americans would be a happier race. One such application would be an all-out effort to reduce the toll of fatalities and injuries on the nation's highways.

The exploration of the cosmos is more difficult than making motor cars less lethal, but it is an activity naturally favored by the federal government. It provides a perpetual show for the public, program material for the networks, news for the newspapers. Its expenditures help to sustain the economy and the profits of the aerospace corporations. It has military aspects—at least the Air Force keeps telling us so. All these are reasons for the federal government's passion for space, in contrast with only a slight and belated quickening of interest in motoring safety.

A few Senators, however, are able to see things in better proportion. Abraham A. Ribicoff, during his two terms as Governor of Connecticut, cracked down on speeders and gave the state the lowest traffic fatality rate in the nation. Mr. Ribicoff is aware that the car manufacturers will give safety little more attention than they must, and now he is working on them. As chairman of a Government Operations subcommittee he accuses them of running their business on the premise that "safety doesn't sell." The record of the past thirty years can lead to no other conclusion. Even to induce the manufacturers to install safety belts required decades of crusading on the part of Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, Consumers Union and other public-spirited bodies.

Sen. Gaylord Nelson has called attention to the chaotic situation in tire equipment, especially for station wagons, status symbol of the recently arrived middle class. A Goodyear spokesman testified before the Federal Trade Commission that a fully loaded 1965 station wagon should be equipped with 8-ply tires for safe operation. Senator Nelson checked dealers in Washington and found not a single station wagon equipped with the recommended tires. Four-ply was the best that was offered with the cars. Senator Nelson also voiced the complaint of many motorists and dealers, that in the welter of advertising claims it has become impossible for the buyer to know what he is getting in a tire. The size may not be as labeled, and the quality descriptions—first-line, second-line, third-line, premium, super, etc., cannot be referred to any meaningful standard. Tires, says Senator Nelson, "are . . . intentionally mislabeled. As a consequence, thousands of motorists are traveling on tires that are a threat to their lives and the lives of other motorists. . . ."

Senator Nelson has introduced a bill, S. 1643, to establish minimum safety and performance standards for tires and a uniform system of grading and labeling. The passage of this legislation would seem to be in the interest not only of motorists but ultimately in that of the tire and automobile industries as well. The considerations involved are surely as important as whether there are microbes on Mars.

Cuba

A Revolution Revisited . . . . . Leo Huberman

Havana

One of the many jokes circulating in Cuba comes from the excellent Czechoslovakian motion picture, *The Accused,* recently shown here. Question: "What are the first two phases of socialism?" Answer: "First, the difficulties of development; second, the development of difficulties."

The "development of difficulties" is widely recognized here. Some were inevitable, others resulted from mistakes in planning. The transition from capitalism to socialism in any country, at any time, is not easy; the adjustment from an economy that was formerly an outpost of Florida, 90 miles away, to one that must fit in with the economies of countries 10,000 miles away, is bound to present problems. When, as formerly, goods could flow in a matter of days from supplier to consumer, no storage space or long-term planning was needed; now, port facilities must be enlarged, storage space built both at the port and at the final destination, and the handling and planning of what must come in at what particular moment is essential. To keep the economy functioning smoothly without previous experience with these changed conditions becomes an achievement.

The difficulties are compounded in a place like Cuba where there are so few trained hands to do the work. Good revolutionists are a dime a dozen in Havana, but good engineers, good administrators, good planners are still in short supply. With the intensive educational program in full swing the problem will be solved in time, but right now knowing what to do is not sufficient—you must then find people competent to do it.

The old problem of parts for broken-down machines and replacements for worn-out equipment remains, though it has been alleviated by imports from the Socialist countries. Increased trade with the countries of Western Europe makes possible a satisfactory solution to this nuisance—but capitalist equipment and spare parts must be paid

Leo Huberman is co-editor with Paul M. Sweezy of the magazine Monthly Review. *He has recently returned from his fourth trip to Cuba since the revolution.*

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for with dollars or other convertible currency, and the only way to get such funds is through increased exports.

If the men, materials and money now allocated to defense could be invested in productive enterprise the dollar supply would increase enormously, but everyone is convinced that the well-trained, magnificently equipped Cuban defense army is a necessity as long as the United States persists in its refusal to leave Cuba alone.

Along with the highly centralized planning that is characteristic of Socialist countries in the first stages of replacing private enterprise by public ownership comes the strangling growth of bureaucracy. Red tape, irritating delays, endless confusion continue to plague the Cuban economy as they have those of the Socialist countries in Europe. "If only I didn't have to make so many decisions which could and should have been made in lower echelons," a vice minister of one of the agencies told me, "I would have time to think about the really important problems of my department."

Contrary to general belief, the problem of centralization vs. decentralization is not peculiar to Socialist economies—it is familiar to the largest corporations in capitalist societies. But the older Socialist societies are still struggling with it, along with the accompanying question of moral or material incentives; and so is Cuba. On my visits here in 1960 and 1961, I was shown more "realistic" plans for increasing the economy's growth, and today the plans of yesteryear are again being discarded and newer, still more "realistic," plans are again being formulated. To conclude from this that there has been a breakdown, or that Cuban planners are incompetent, would be totally wrong: There has been no breakdown; on the contrary, the economy is definitely on the upgrade. And the key planners here are extremely competent; they are merely becoming more and more aware of the many complexities involved in running an economy, and of the fact that the planning experiences of other countries are not necessarily applicable to their own. One of my friends, a brilliant economist who has won wide respect for his outstanding work with the Ministries of Planning, Industries, and Finance, is now an adviser to a top government official. His thoughtful answer when I asked him what were the most important things he had learned in the five years since I last saw him, throws light on this question: "I thought that creating a Socialist society would be a lot easier than I have found it to be. Even more important, I thought then that there were concrete principles and laws that would light the path to a good society. There are no such laws. There is no political economy of socialism." Having come to this conclusion, the next step in a country headed by young, undogmatic, creative people is to discard the old formulas and come up with a new model of a plan better suited to their own needs. Such a plan — a complete break with the models previously borrowed from the Socialist countries—is now in preparation.

As was to be expected, the purely emotional enthusiasm of the early years has gone and a matter-of-fact routine application to the day-to-day job has replaced it. Less talk and more work help the inquiring journalist as well as the economy: the days of long waiting in anterooms or last-minute cancellation of appointments seem to be over. Today one can go to an appointment with a reasonable expectation of getting in fairly close to the hour set.

It must certainly be the case that after a time one learns to live with shortages that were infuriating when first encountered. That probably explains why I found little grumbling about the inconveniences of daily living. It is generally agreed that things are better now than in earlier years and that they continue to improve. One 72-year-old housewife put it this way: "We don't get all we want, but we get all we need."

It will be a long time before Cubans get all they want. Increased production in factory, farm and office is the basic prerequisite and many more stupendous victories, like the 6-million-ton harvest of sugar this year, will have to be won. Credit for that notable success is rightly given to Fidel Castro. "We thought that with a great push perhaps 5 million tons might be possible," a vice minister at Juceplan told me, "but Fidel said 6 million and the attainment of that goal was entirely due to his spectacular success with the masses."

Our press accounts of the cane cutting gave so much space to the voluntary brigades of cane cutters —in an effort to hint that they were not "voluntary" at all—that too little attention was paid to the fact that by far the largest amount of cane was cut by the professional cane cutters to whom substantial material incentives were given. Wage scales were raised beyond those prevailing in other, much easier, agricultural work to which the cane cutters, who are not fools, had flocked in earlier years; many more consumer goods were sent to the cane-cutting areas—the shops in Camaguey were much better stocked than those in Havana; and 5,000 prizes, including trips abroad, refrigerators and motorcycles, were awarded to those who cut the most cane.

It is difficult to say how much of the extremely widespread participation in the cane cutting was, in truth, "voluntary"—and it is not important, except to partisans on both sides. What is important is the political effect of the participation of so many people in the arduous task, with ministers, vice ministers and department heads living and working side by side in brigades with elevator operators, clerks and guards. There is little doubt that some went off to the fields unwillingly because they are not yet fired with revolutionary zeal, and others went hesitantly because cutting cane is very hard work. There is little doubt, too, that most of them returned not only physically more fit but also mentally relaxed and, more important, with the glow of satisfaction that comes from the successful completion of a job, as well as with a feeling of closer kinship with the revolution.

Of greatest significance were the economic effects of the bumper sugar harvest. One million tons can now be sold for urgently needed convertible currency. Agriculture, not industry, is the key to Cuba's development—this has been Fidel's argument with Cuba's planners since 1963, and he has maintained this view even more strongly after a period of concentrated study of agricultural and cattle-breeding problems. To his triumph in sugar must be added a success in cattle raising—Cuba is now exporting cattle. The egg shortage, too, is a thing of the past: Cuba has become one

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of the world's big egg-producing countries, and with an average of more than 70 million eggs entering the market every month the consumption of eggs here begins to approach the European level.

With much more cane-cutting machinery already on order, with the nation's attention focused on the importance of agriculture, the talk now is of producing 10 million metric tons of sugar by 1970. In addition to sugar (and its by-products, alcohol and molasses), tobacco and minerals (nickel, copper, chromium, manganese) are Cuba's big export commodities. Long-term agreements at fixed prices with the Socialist countries—Russia, China, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Poland—and with a few capitalist countries (e.g., Spain, Japan) ease foreign-trade headaches. Every effort is made to buy what's needed from the Socialist camp; what cannot be obtained there is sought from the capitalist countries. Cuba's imports are mainly oil, rice, wheat, edible oil, beans, fertilizer, jute bags, textiles, spare parts, tractors, trucks, locomotives, buses, machinery. With enough convertible currency, they can all be bought in England, France and other capitalist countries of Western Europe. The United States blockade with its blacklist of shipping is a nuisance, but one way or another Cuba has never failed to import what it needed. Because freight charges in convertible currency are a sizable item, a big shipbuilding program is now under way; in two years, it is hoped, tonnage will be more than doubled.

Cuba, like all other Socialist countries, is proud of its before-and-after-the-revolution statistics. Of most interest to me as a former teacher are those in education. (Educational growth is also the special concern of the leaders of the revolution because, in addition to their devotion to raising the general cultural standard of the people, they understand that in a modern economy high yields in factory and farm go hand in hand with a higher level of technical education; and, as I pointed out earlier, technical cadres are still in short supply.) I was last in Cuba during the Bay of Pigs invasion of 1961. That was called the Year of Education, and it was then that the big program to wipe out illiteracy was launched. In that incomparable campaign, some 258,000 teachers (35,000 professionals, 121,000 adults, 89,000 adolescents, and 13,000 *brigadistas* who signed up for the final push from October through December) went into every village of Cuba to enroll those of all ages who could not read or write. *In one year* illiteracy in Cuba was reduced from 23.6 per cent to 3.9 per cent—only the Haitians whose native language is French, the physically and mentally handicapped, the senile, and those who absolutely refused to join classes were not reached.

It is even more impressive that the educational campaign was not just allowed to die, but has been pursued with equal intensity in "follow-up" and "improvement" courses. Today, Cuba is a nation at school.

Drawing by Berger

Shortly after supper at a friend's house, my hostess excused herself because "I have to go to class," and an hour later, the maid ran off because she was "late for school." In every family I met, the story was the same—husband, wife, children, the help, all attending classes at every level of education. There is justifiable criticism of the quality of instruction in the Cuban educational system—professional educators decry the low standards—but of its extent there can be no doubt. In adult education, for the school year 1964-65, the Ministry of Education reports an enrollment of 839,325—this from a total population of 7 million people! Bookstores everywhere, stocked with serious works in economics, politics, history, science, biography and fiction, are crowded with buyers, and it is fairly common for an edition of 50,000 copies to be sold out in a few months. *Bajo Palabra* by Marta A. González is, understandably, the current bestseller; it is the story of a Cuban who fled to Miami, became disillusioned with the life of the refugees in the United States, and made her way back to Cuba. The first edition of 10,000 copies went in a few hours; the second 100,000 lasted not much longer. In the first years of the revolution, at the old Imprenta Nacional, grandiose publishing schemes were talked about which never materialized; today, Editorial Nacional de Cuba, headed by the famous Cuban writer, Alejo Carpentier, has an excellent list of titles and the whole operation is run on a businesslike basis. Last year it distributed 18 million books.

Perhaps the Cubans read so many books because their press is so bad. Many of the magazines, and all of the newspapers, are of scandalously poor quality. Here again, the difficulty arises primarily from lack of skilled people, plus the fact that there has never been a tradition of good journalism in Cuba. (My listening Spanish is inadequate for a personal judgment on the quality of radio and TV, but I am advised by competent friends that radio and TV are no better than the press.) Though the press in Socialist countries plays a role different from its function under capitalism (for example, as mobilizer in a campaign like that of cutting the cane), and though it is understandable that it should concentrate on domestic affairs, nevertheless one hopes that it will some day be possible to read a Cuban newspaper and learn at least something of what's going on in the outside world. Right now, that's not possible.

Intellectual Cubans despair of the press, but rejoice in the before-and-after figures in the field of health. Before the revolution the best medical care was to be found in the private insurance schemes which were introduced in Cuba by the Spaniards as early as 1880; now that is changed and the government hospitals have a much higher standard. About 1 million Cubans still cling to private insurance schemes, but the whole population is covered by state socialized medicine. Cuba now has good medical service and it is free to everybody.

By far the greatest achievement of the government health service has been the extension of good medical care to people and places where

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formerly it was either lacking or too distant. Thus, in the Sierre Maestra, where there were only ten hospital beds, and those within 10 miles of Bayamo, today there are 1,200 beds in the most remote areas, served by doctors who go there on a rotating internship and who get special teaching in minor surgery and pediatric emergencies.

Medical students complete their studies after one year of internship. They are now pledged on graduation to serve in the rural areas for two years. Cuba has 7,000 doctors; it needs another 3,000. Formerly, only Havana had a medical school; in 1962, a second was opened in Santiago. Where there was formerly only one 300-bed hospital for children, there are now three hospitals with a total of 1,100 beds. Health education, better hygiene and prompt attention, previously unavailable in many rural areas, have brought about a significant decrease in gastroenteritis, probably the biggest killer of children in all underdeveloped countries. In a ten-day period a few years ago, polio oral vaccine was given to 2.5 million children up to 15 years of age. Today, there is no polio in Cuba. Psychiatric care is free, and the mental hospital, formerly a real hell hole, is today a beautifully run, first-rate institution.

In 1958, the budget of the Ministry of Health was $21 million; today it is $140 million.

As there are criteria for appraising a country's physical health, so are there criteria for judging its social health. Do the people speak freely? Do they dare to criticize openly? Do they go to jail only for counterrevolutionary *activity*, or is there also a penalty for counterrevolutionary *talk*? Some bitter critics of the Castro government whispered to me that one had to "be careful lest we be overheard," but in the main I was satisfied both from conversation (even with them, since they promptly forgot their own injunction!) and from observation that what might be considered counterrevolutionary talk in other Socialist regimes was still freely permitted in Cuba. Nevertheless, there are enough indications of a trend in the opposite direction to worry thinking people. A recent "purge" of some fifty students in the Faculty of Technology and in the Medical School of the University of Havana, and a threatened purge of homosexuals in the university, are cited as cases in point. I asked the leaders of the Federation of University Students (FEU) about it and they stated that the expulsion had been carried out by the student body in general assembly and that there had been no expulsions for talk alone; those expelled had a history of counterrevolutionary ideology and some were guilty of such acts as breaking tables in the School of Architecture and putting up signs saying "Down with Fidel" and "Down with Communism." The basic argument of the students was that it was a mistake for the country to spend much needed funds on the education of people who were not with the revolution, would not put the skills they had acquired at its service, but would flee the country as soon as they could after graduation. Among my most ardent revolutionist friends, however, I found no one

who approved of the "purge"—all agreed that it was stupid, unjust and self-defeating in that it would create more enemies of the revolution. Some attributed it to the immaturity and "left-wing infantilism" of the FEU leadership; others were less tolerant—and quite fearful.

Another event which has occasioned much interest was the disappearance some weeks ago of Che Guevara, with no statement as of this writing on his whereabouts. People jokingly substituted the greeting, "Where's Che?" for the usual "hello," and in conversations which ensued, the latest *bolas* (rumors) were exchanged. But though there is intense interest in the subject, there has been little apprehension—Fidel's answer to a French journalist that Che would always be found where the revolution most needed him reassured most people. The general feeling was that though there might have been some disagreement on policy between Che and Fidel, it certainly did not betoken danger for Che's personal safety. Che is held in such esteem in Cuba as a man of the highest integrity and profundity, his services to the revolution are so universally appreciated, that the only concern was whether his program was in jeopardy (not Che personally but Che's policies), whether his unexplained absence forecast a departure from his line on this or that question.

In reflecting on the future of the revolution in Cuba, I was reminded of the observation made by Frantz Fanon in his famous book, *The Damned of the Earth.*

> *A struggle which mobilizes all classes of the people and which expresses their aims and their impatience, which is not afraid to count almost exclusively on the people's support, will of necessity triumph.*

Such a struggle is being carried on in Cuba today, and the great mobilizer of the people is still Fidel Castro. No leader in history has ever been so close to the masses; they have followed him now for six years and he has never failed them. They respect and love some of the other leaders, too, but for Fidel there is a special kind of respect and love, plus a warmth that comes from the feeling that he is one of them—he "expresses their aims and their impatience." Cubans have a tradition of opposition to government and they love Fidel because he is the guardian of the people's interests—in opposition to his own government! When things go wrong, as they frequently do, Fidel becomes the prosecuting attorney for the people against the bureaucracy; he shouts the questions the people are asking: Who is responsible for this failure? Why is this situation allowed to continue? Will the bureaucrats never learn to do things correctly?

Far from being afraid "to count almost exclusively on the people's support," he seeks it, and wins it because he tells them the truth, and they trust him.

Many of Cuba's old problems persist and new ones arise each day. Inefficiency, stupidity, lack of necessary skills, mismanagement and blunders will continue to plague the Cuban economy; but a society that was prepared to die for a principle, as this one was in the crisis of October, 1962, is a good society and will, I believe, "of necessity triumph."

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The War on Poverty

Are the Poor Left Out? . . . . .

Richard A. Cloward

The chief concern of the federal anti-poverty program is the victim of poverty, not the sources of his disability. Among the first-aid programs to be established across the country, for example, not the least is the plan to provide out-of-school, unemployed youth with subsidized work, especially in the ghettos where last summer riots broke out. It is all very well to provide subsidized employment for unemployed youth, but where will they work once the brief period of subsidization is over? Since the anti-poverty program does not deal with basic economic problems, such as the lack of full employment or low minimum wages, it cannot expect to shut off the flow of future casualties.

Or take the programs being established in some cities to deal with the current crisis over welfare costs. Some municipalities are proposing to train welfare mothers to become dietary aides and nurses' aides, thereby enabling them to leave the welfare rolls. This may be an advance over their previous status, but it must also be said that such measures reinforce the female as the breadwinner in an already female-headed household. Men for whom there are no jobs will nevertheless mate like other men, but they are not so likely to marry. Our society has preferred to deal with the resulting female-headed families not by putting men to work but by placing the unwed mothers and dependent children on public welfare—substituting check-writing machines for male wage earners. By this means, we have robbed men of manhood, women of husbands, and children of fathers. To create a stable monogamous family, we need to provide men (especially Negro men) with the opportunity to be men, and that involves enabling them to perform occupationally. Over the long term, women will then leave the welfare rolls, not to work but to marry.

Nothing said above should be taken to mean that casualty programs are not needed. No humane society can abandon those who have already experienced the ravages of prolonged deprivation. The point is, however, that low-income people *as a class* cannot expect to benefit from the anti-poverty program as it is currently conceived. To convert it from a strategy to aid casualties into an attack upon basic economic inequalities will require a good deal of political pressure — especially from low-income groups. That pressure has yet to be organized, but the vague mandate in the anti-poverty program to "involve the poor" could help to bring it into being. Indeed, the concept of involving the poor themselves may yet turn out to be the most significant — and the most controversial — aspect of the entire anti-poverty effort.

It is true that a consensus favoring the anti-poverty program exists and that it includes business and labor, Republicans and Democrats, rich and poor. But that is hardly proof of a national determination to wipe out economic deprivation. Indeed, the very breadth of the consensus exposes the fact that no vital institutional interests are threatened by the program. For this reason, it is relatively easy to develop support among groups whose political and economic interests in other areas are fundamentally divergent.

The anti-poverty program, precisely because of its mandate to "involve the poor," can help to bring about the political preconditions for major economic changes. But this can happen only if the forms of involvement lead to new bases of organized power for low-income people. Economic deprivation is fundamentally a political problem, and power will be required to solve it. Indeed, competition for the power to be derived from the control of vast poverty funds is at the heart of the current controversy over the involvement of the poor.

The President's Task Force Against Poverty, which drafted the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, did not spell out what it meant by "involvement," nor did Congress subsequently clarify this potentially important dictum by amendment. During recent hearings in the House Committee on Education and Labor, Rep. Adam Clayton Powell has castigated one city after another — chiefly Chicago, Washington, Cleveland and New York— for failing to seat poor people on the top municipal anti-poverty councils, where policy will be formulated and funds allocated for programs.

Generally speaking, two arguments are put forward by advocates of placing the poor on these influential bodies. They say that long-term users of public and private agencies (whether as clients of public welfare or of private family-service agencies) can provide a unique insight into the effectiveness of social services — a perspective free of bias stemming from considerations of career, political interests and the public relations needs of agency representatives. It is further argued that the poor can best define their own needs and suggest appropriate uses of federal funds to meet them. Inclusion of the poor, it is said, will help to overcome a long-standing colonialism in the social welfare field (both public and private).

As a result of Congressman Powell's intervention and of pressure from slum communities, a number of municipalities delayed filing applications to the federal government for anti-poverty funds until the question of involving the poor had been debated and resolved. New York City recently announced, for example, that the number of seats available to poor people on its Council Against Poverty would be increased from six to thirty. Other cities have been doing the same. The chief questions under discussion have been how to define a "genuine, certified poor person," and how to establish procedures to appoint or elect such per-

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Richard A. Cloward, a professor at the Columbia School of Social Work, was a chief architect of Mobilization for Youth, and continues as its director of research. The present article, commissioned by The Nation, *was also presented by Dr. Cloward as a statement to the Senate Select Committee on Poverty. It was thus made public before publication and excerpts have appeared in the press.*

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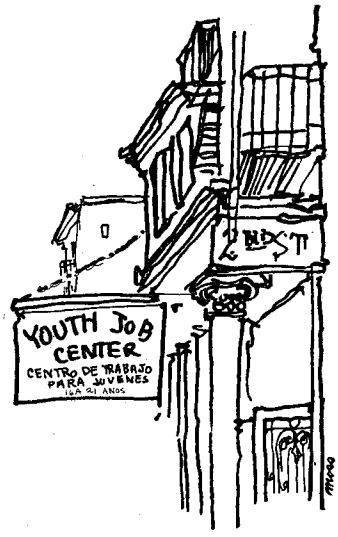
sons. Philadelphia held a much-publicized election in low-income areas. Other cities are contemplating similar steps, while some propose to call conventions of grass-roots organizations to put forward representatives. On the typical city-wide board, it might be added, the poor will join and be outnumbered by powerful leaders of civic, religious, labor, business and private-welfare organizations as well as representatives of municipal government itself. New York's overall committee, for example, now numbers 100. By and large, federal officials have seemed to accept this concept of involvement, and the funds are starting to pour into the cities.

Another form of involvement is the hiring of poor people by local anti-poverty projects to engage in a variety of tasks, from janitorial duties to interpreting poverty programs to the residents in their communities. The Office of Economic Opportunity has specified as the target for next year the employment of some 50,000 such persons, with progressively larger numbers to be employed in succeeding years. In this way, it is suggested, the poor may help one another.

But is the principle of involvement satisfied by representation on municipal poverty councils and employment in anti-poverty programs, or is something more at stake? While the employment of a few thousand (or a few hundred thousand) persons is not to be depreciated, even in an economy where millions are unemployed, a program of public works would have a much more far-reaching impact. Membership on policy-making bodies may confer a little prestige on the poor persons who participate, but it will do little more than that when they are outnumbered by the representatives of powerful organizational interests. Indeed, some of the local groups in cities like New York and Chicago, having been granted representation on city-wide anti-poverty councils, now seem vaguely uneasy about their victory. They begin to sense that they have been victorious on the wrong battlefield, or at least on a relatively non-strategic one. And that, I shall argue, is precisely what has happened. The bitterness of the controversy regarding involvement, and the feeling of local groups that they have won without winning, are persuasive evidence that a deeper meaning of involvement is at stake—a meaning as yet only dimly perceived, and thus not fully articulated, in the current poverty debate.

The possibility that the anti-poverty program can contribute to the growth of low-income power lies in delivering to the poor and their leaders control over the programs and the funds to be funneled into their slum and ghetto communities. In the coming years, billions of dollars will be assigned to depressed neighborhoods. This money is to be used for a wide range of services—subsidized work for out-of-school unemployed youth, remedial education programs, counseling, recreation, etc. To manage these programs, huge social-welfare organizations will have to be created, or existing ones vastly expanded. Thousands of jobs will be created, and whether these are filled by professionals or by the poor, the new workers will owe allegiance to those who manage the operation. In short, the organizations to be created or expanded will constitute a new and potentially important source of power.



Who will derive that power? That issue has so far failed to emerge clearly in the present controversy. But to say that the issue has not yet been fully grasped by the public does not mean that it is unrecognized privately. Many groups — notably public officials and private social-welfare agencies —are acutely aware that they have vital interests at stake, and they are quietly moving to secure their positions by obtaining firm control of the anti-poverty programs.

The poverty structures being projected in New York and Chicago are examples of attempts by government officials to dominate the forthcoming programs. Under conditions of great secrecy, both cities put forward some months ago plans for establishing decentralized, multi-function public agencies in designated slum neighborhoods. New York calls them "Community Progress Centers"; in Chicago they are "Urban Progress Centers." Most of the municipal anti-poverty programs are to be operated from these centers. In both cities, the centers are to be responsible to a city-wide corporation dominated by public officials or persons directly appointed by public officials. The director of each Chicago center is to be appointed by the central agency, and policies will be generated there as well. Community committees of low-income people and institutional representatives will also be created in each neighborhood of both cities. Their functions were originally intended to be purely advisory, and still are so in Chicago. In New York, however, local community groups have brought sufficient pressure upon city hall to gain somewhat greater powers for the neighborhood committees; nevertheless, they still lack the full powers of a legally constituted board of trustees. With the funds to hire thousands of people and to serve many thousands more, these decentralized agencies, it seems clear, will greatly expand the influence of city hall in the slum, not the slum's influence in city hall. Indeed, it is tempting to suppose that they are intended to do just that.

Community groups are beginning to realize that their stake in the present controversy is the right to mount autonomous, self-directed anti-poverty programs in their own slums and ghettos. In New York, such organizations have slowly been developing: Central Harlem's HARYOU-ACT, East Harlem's MEND, Bedford-Stuyvesant's Youth in Action, South Bronx's SEBU, and the new city-wide organs of the Puerto Rican community (the Puerto Rican Forum and the Puerto Rican Community Development Corporation). Still others are in the making. Potentially, at least, these

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organizations represent a new base of power, a new institutional framework in the slum through which pressure can be exerted against the oppressive institutions of the larger society. Because public officials have perceived the meaning of this trend, much anti-poverty planning in New York and Chicago has gone on behind closed doors.

If local community-action groups could be relied on merely to carry out politically neutral social-service programs for the casualties in their midst, the current dispute would generate somewhat less heat. But the trend toward neighborhood control is also coupled with the idea of organizing poor people to work for social change, and that is a major threat. One of the early signs of profound distress among municipal officials regarding the stirrings in slums and ghettos was their response to the riots last summer. In New York, which was not atypical, the outcry was that the riots had been inspired by subversive forces (although the FBI later denied this allegation and suggested, ironically, that out-of-school unemployed youth had had much to do with them). That, at least, was the explanation offered to the public by Paul R. Screvane, President of the City Council, as well as of the Anti-Poverty Operations Board. Indeed, it was only a few weeks after the New York riots that Mr. Screvane lent the great prestige of his office to a massive — and unfounded — attack upon Mobilization for Youth, a forerunner of the anti-poverty program on Manhattan's Lower East Side; he repeated his charges of a Communist take-over, with reference to MFY's policy of encouraging rent strikes, civil rights protests and other collective actions by local residents.

This failure to acknowledge the new forces in the slums marks city halls everywhere. The Conference of Mayors, meeting recently in St. Louis, very nearly issued an official statement condemning the federal anti-poverty program because some funds had reached local groups "whose activities were undermining the integrity of local government." Several of the mayors spoke bitterly of the "subversion of the federal program," forecast nothing less than "class welfare" unless something were done, and otherwise expressed deep concern that involvement of the poor might result in the city hall's being defined as "the enemy."

The fact is, however, that today's slum and ghetto lack a radical tradition of any kind. The controversy over the involvement of the poor has its roots in relatively moderate ideologies—self-help, local autonomy, democratic collective action, and the importance of ethnic separatism. The struggle, in short, is in the tradition of urban politics and nothing more. Local groups, composed largely of today's ethnic poor, are merely beginning to articulate their interests as blocs, and to demand that they be aided in building institutions to give those interests form and coherence. It may be asking too much of established power groups to recognize the value of this development, but it must be made clear that they are not being confronted with anything resembling a revolutionary movement.

In this conflict, municipal officials are finding many allies among leaders of the private social-welfare establishment. In a recent report, to cite one case, United Neighborhood Houses in New York (the city-wide coordinating body for all settlement houses) describes local slum groups which are seeking to operate their own programs as "grasping at the chance to get control"; these groups and others as well are downgrading "every social agency that has its roots in the past, even though its current ideas and programs are forward-looking and ahead of the times," and are "demanding *new* projects and rejecting the undergirding of proven ongoing programs." In other words, the aspiration of these groups to build new organizations under their own control is regarded by some private agencies as a threatened disruption of the orderly patterns of giving and receiving in which they and the poor have traditionally been engaged. "In the long run," the statement of United Neighborhood Houses continues, "it is the experienced, neighborhood-based agencies such as the settlements that can best provide the knowledge and the skills to nourish the new anti-poverty programs and help them to be effective. . . . We are determined that the victors in this war shall be the poor—not the self-seeking spokesmen who claim to represent them. . . ."

On the strength of such arguments, and buttressed by their considerable power in many municipalities, voluntary agencies are making considerable progress in

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penetrating anti-poverty councils and influencing on their own behalf the distribution of federal funds. Without doubt, they will come in for a sizable piece of the pie. United Neighborhood Houses, to quote again from its statement, suggests the extent to which it will probably benefit from New York's anti-poverty program:

Through its president, executive and several of its staff, UNH has been closely involved in almost all of the Poverty operations. . . . From the beginning, we . . . helped develop procedures for . . . the Neighborhood Youth Corps. We are active on the Ad Hoc Committee for Head Start. . . . We . . . now administer the settlements' part in the City's Neighborhood Youth Corps. To supervise this we have, with Youth Corps funds, added fifteen people to our staff and enlarged our offices.

The score at the moment is: 31 settlements [are involved in Neighborhood Youth Corps]; *20 settlements have requested Head Start programs . . . 13 settlements are working on plans for community action programs . . . at least a dozen houses expect approval for special projects in a variety of services from pre-school programs to work with unwed teenage girls to employment programs for the elderly and new expanded neighborhood services.*

Existing agencies, obeying an understandable urge to maintain if not to expand themselves, will seek to enlarge their funds through the anti-poverty program, and they can thus be expected to resist the formation of competing agencies under new sponsorship.

And it may well appear to the agencies which now possess power that other groups wanting a share of it are "grasping," for indeed they are. The controversy over the involvement of the poor is precisely one of power and its redistribution,

The Man Who 'Saved' MFY

The first indication that Mobilization for Youth would be an issue in the current political campaign for the mayoralty of New York came on June 21. On that date, Paul Screvane, President of the City Council and chairman of the Anti-Poverty Operations Board, appeared before the nominating committee of the Liberal Party to seek their endorsement (later given to John Lindsay). Following the meeting, Mr. Screvane announced to the press that he had not participated in the witch hunt against MFY, and claimed that "were it not for me, there would be no MFY." In view of his public record on MFY, it was a surprising statement.

When the *Daily News* first attacked MFY on Aug. 16, 1964, it quoted Mr. Screvane as follows: "We have heard reports of subversive infiltration of MFY. That is why we have been investigating. We have contacted the FBI. Everybody is concerned over these reports of alleged Communist infiltration." On August 21, he reiterated the concern of the Anti-Poverty Operations Board regarding the suspected infiltration of MFY, not alone by "political subversives," but by what he called "sociological subversives" as well (*The News*).

It was also Mr. Screvane who, in those first days of the attack, introduced into the press (*The New York Times,* Aug. 17) the charge that MFY had printed the infamous "Wanted For Murder—Gilligan the Cop" poster—a document which is widely credited with having precipitated the Harlem riots. Within twenty-four hours, *The Times* denied this charge, on information received through its sources in the police department. The FBI was also to deny it in a subsequent report to President Johnson. Mr. Screvane, however, has never withdrawn his charge.

On September 1, Mr. Screvane released the first of his three reports to Mayor Wagner on his investigation into MFY. Among other things, he asserted that "MFY, financed with taxpayers' public funds, must not be a base of activities and a safe haven for subversives, to be given free rein, and public financing, for their disruptive activities." He went on to observe that MFY personnel "seem to be more deeply involved in agitation than in education." That the issue of subversive infiltration was of very much concern to him is revealed by his account of actions being taken in connection with the investigation: "Information on personnel which was supplied to me at my request by the FBI (which consists entirely of fragmentary nonclassified material) is being reviewed and related to the fuller information in the files of the Police Department Bureau of Special Services and of our own Department of Investigation."

About a dozen MFY staff members were subsequently subpoenaed. With thousands of dollars for legal costs raised by MFY's 300 staff members, these employees chose to make a court challenge of the city's right to interrogate private citizens about their political beliefs and associations. To avoid the adverse publicity associated with protracted litigation, the city chose not to pursue these court actions, and the employees thus eventually succeeded in resisting interrogation. Although the subpoenas are still in force, the matter is now likely to be dropped.

On Jan. 15, 1965, Mr. Screvane released his final report, in which he asserted that "the most delicate, troublesome and yet demanding of all the subjects of inquiry was the allegation of infiltration by subversives." There was nothing delicate about his conclusions:

With regard to alleged subversives on the staff of MFY, it is clear that there had been hired a considerable number of individuals . . . who certainly would not have been hired if they had been subjected by the City Government to routine personnel screening. . . .

Who this "considerable number of subversives" were, what they had done to be defined as subversives, whether any of them had misused their positions as employees at MFY — none of these matters is discussed by Mr. Screvane.

After an investigation lasting more than six months, then, we are left merely with Mr. Screvane's personal opinion that MFY had been infiltrated by subversives — and this is the same Mr. Screvane who now puts himself forward as the savior of MFY.

The Editors

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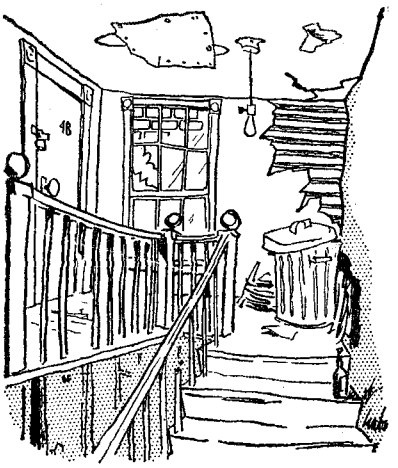
not alone in the broader society but also in the more specific but still vast field of social welfare. The issue concerns not merely administrative efficiency and experience but justice. If spokesmen for slum communities permit what are chiefly questions of class and ethnic politics to be converted into technical, professional and administrative matters, they will have conceded the battle over involvement of the poor before it can be fully joined.

To employ a phrase like "ethnic politics" is to face another —and perhaps the most important —element in the current situation. The issue is not only one of developing new institutions in the slum, but of developing institutions under expressly ethnic control (e.g., Central Harlem's HARYOU-ACT). Observers who are troubled by the thought that "separatist" programs will be created under the slogan of a war against poverty should bear in mind that while poverty is a reflection of class differentials in power, those differentials are produced and maintained in part by inequities in the power possessed by various ethnic groups. Powerlessness and poverty are disproportionately concentrated among minority groups — Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and the like. America has faced the problem of assimilating such groups into its economic blood stream many times in the past, and religio-ethnic institutions of various kinds have played an important part in that process.

One way by which poverty-stricken groups effect their rise from deprivation is to develop communal associations—ranging from fraternal and religious bodies to political machines. These communal associations provide a base from which to convert ethnic solidarity into the political force required to overcome class inequality. Communal associations, in brief, are an important device by which the legitimate interests of particular groups are put forward to compete with those of other groups.

There is, it should be stressed, considerable precedent both for ethnically based social-welfare institutions and for public funding of them. Indeed, the voluntary social agency has been one instrument of ethnic power in urban areas, and its power has not been diminished by the vast public subsidies it has attracted. Huge networks of agencies have been formed by Jews (in New York, the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies) and by white Catholics (in New York, Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York). Even Protestants, under the impact of a pluralism which has made them a minority as well, have formed essentially white ethnic institutions (in New York, the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies). Across the country, these voluntary welfare systems raise huge amounts of money from private individuals



and organizations. What is more, by virtue of their considerable power, they command enormous amounts of tax money as well. (Religio-ethnic welfare institutions, ranging from hospitals to child-care facilities, are now routinely paid upward of $100 million annually from New York City's municipal budget alone.)

The chief point to be made about private agencies is that they are as much political as social-welfare institutions. They symbolize the highest values of self-help, to be sure, and their services have ordinarily been directed to the less fortunate citizens among us. But none of this makes them any the less sensitive to their organizational interests or to the broader interests of their controlling constituencies.

Exerting pressure for various forms of public subsidy does not exhaust the range of political objectives held by private agencies. They also maintain a deep interest in many forms of governmental policy and actively seek to influence the shaping of policy in ways consistent with their interests. This critical point is often overlooked because private agencies exert power chiefly at the municipal level, not at the more visible level of national politics. But it is primarily at the municipal level that public services are organized and delivered to their intended consumers. The quality of programs—public welfare, education, urban renewal, housing-code enforcement, fair employment, law enforcement and correctional practices — all of these are crucially shaped by the character of municipal government.

When private agencies take positions on this expanding range of governmental programs, they are solicitous for their own interests—even when, as sometimes happens, their interests run counter to those of the most depressed minority poor. If minority groups expect to influence the proliferating arenas of governmental activity, they will need their own organizational apparatus to help. Such an apparatus will provide a stable cadre of technical and professional personnel who can examine the merits of alternative public policies, survey the practices of governmental agencies, and activate their own low-income constituencies in behalf of needed changes.

In these terms, then, ethnically based social-welfare structures facilitate the assertion of expressly ethnic interests, and provide a vehicle by which to influence important spheres of public policy. For lack of private money, an insufficient sense of community and other reasons as well, the contemporary minority slum does not contain many such institutions. There is no Negro Federation of Philanthropy in New York or anywhere else, although some of the ethnic organizations now developing may be the beginnings. But these organizations are meeting intense opposition from city officials who have no wish to accelerate the growing cohesion of minority groups by supporting the development of organizations specifically addressed to their needs. Other forces also oppose them, as witness the unrelenting fury with which the press in New York has attacked HARYOU-ACT and its executive director, Livingston Wingate. Settlement-house leaders, deploring the idea of permitting ethnic or class segments to build separate organizations, argue that the true goal of community development is to bring everyone together in the

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same structure. The logic of this position is that community problems are common ones and can best be solved through cooperation and communication. All things considered, however, it is difficult to see how the interests of the Puerto Rican slum dweller are congruent with those of the Jewish landlord or the aspirations of the unregistered Negro with those of the Italian political-machine leader.

That powerful and divergent ethnic, as well as class, interests are at stake in this controversy over the involvement of the poor is thus becoming obvious. Those who are appalled by the possibility that such conflicts might be exacerbated, especially as a result of governmental policies, fail to understand that strategies of conciliation and coalition will not bring the poor into the mainstream of American life. What the poor need are a heightened awareness of conflicting interests and the means to organize separately. For within coalitions of unequals, it is not typically the case that the least organized have much success in advancing their interests. Judging from the history of ethnic groups who in the past have struggled to gain a foothold in our pluralistic society, it seems clear that the growth of ethnic separatism is a precondition for eventual penetration of ruling circles and full economic integration. Minority groups will win acceptance by the majority through developing their own bases of power, not by submerging their unorganized numbers in coalitions dominated by other and better organized groups.

No one should suppose that a single system of new institutions can produce the collective force to overcome the deeper inequalities in our society. The building of ethnic identity, solidarity and power is ordinarily accomplished through a series of organized communal experiences. While some may be more important than others, all contribute to the overall impact. These are the terms, then, in which the pressure for a "new social-welfare voluntarism" must be understood. The question is whether this movement will be allowed to develop in one city after another, or whether powerful coalitions of governmental and traditional voluntary leaders will succeed in blocking it.

Sen. Dirksen vs. The Court . . .

Reo M. Christenson

The civil rights movement, which has done so much to arouse America to the need for both racial equality and a major anti-poverty program, may perform a third notable service. It may be the decisive influence in beating back the proposed amendment to nullify the Supreme Court's "one man, one vote" reapportionment ruling.

At one point Sen. Everett Dirksen's proposed constitutional amendment, which would permit one house of the state legislature to be apportioned "on a basis other than population" if a majority of the state's voters approved, looked to be a more formidable threat than it does today. Twenty-five state legislatures had petitioned for a constitutional convention to draw up an amendment overthrowing the Court's decision (thirty-four states are required to call the convention into being). A potent array of right-wing organizations and periodicals were mobilizing behind the Dirksen amendment. The American Civil Liberties Union reported that at least 250 members of the House favored a Dirksen-type amendment, and about sixty members of the Senate were sympathetic to it, with many others undecided. Even Sen. Jacob Javits of New York went on record favoring an amendment substantially similar to Dirksen's.

Then the opposition zeroed in. The purpose of the amendment is to maintain, at least in part, the advantage that rural sections have traditionally enjoyed in state legislatures. But as former Asst. Attorney General Burke Marshall and others have charged, this amendment would in effect invite Southern states to apportion one house on a racial basis, thus largely canceling the gains Senator Dirksen was trying to confer upon Southern Negroes when he strengthened the 1965 voting rights bill. Passage of the amendment would also weaken the political influence of Negro and other minority voters in non-Southern legislatures, since the perpetuation of rural overrepresentation would work against the achievement of Negro goals in general. The Negro's problems are largely urban problems, and it is the rural legislator's indifference to these problems that lies behind much of the dissatisfaction with current apportionment practices.

Could the Dirksen amendment be revised to prevent apportionment from reflecting racial considerations? If this were done, it would indirectly defeat the purpose of the nullifiers, since Negroes are heavily concentrated in Northern cities. Besides, it would be embarrassing to favor Negro over other minority groups. How could Congress explicitly defend Negro voting rights against abridgment by malapportionment, while ignoring the possible threat to the political equality of other minority groups? The net political result of such a move, moreover, might be to add Southern legislators to the liberal bloc that opposes any effort to overturn the Court's decision.

There has been some talk, therefore, that Senator Dirksen might be receptive to other modifications of his amendment. Perhaps any concrete application of "other than population" should be subject to court review. Perhaps apportionment policies should be subject to periodic reappraisal by voters in the various states, to prevent a given plan from being frozen into institutional form despite population and opinion shifts.

Sen. Birch Bayh, chairman of a subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee which is handling the Dirksen amendment, has suggested that no reapportionment plan should go into effect in a given state until its legislature has first been elected on a "one man, one vote" basis, so that such a plan could grow out of a truly representative, rather than a stacked, body. The Dirksen forces could never accept this, of course, since a representative legislature would be most unlikely to create

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an unrepresentative successor that would threaten the jobs of some of its members.

Senator Bayh has further suggested that legislatures be required to submit a specific plan to the voters, rather than merely request permission to reapportion as their fancy dictated. This, too, will be resisted. It is much easier to arouse opposition to a specific malapportionment plan than to an innocent-sounding statement about "other than population."

If the Dirksen amendment is not amended to impotence, a number of Senate liberals are prepared to conduct "protracted debate" in an effort to kill it or to force major revisions. If this tactic should appear inadequate, there is always the chance that Lyndon Johnson will lend a hand. The President is congenitally allergic to carrying the flag on hotly controversial questions, and his instincts will dictate steering clear of this one, especially if his help seems unnecessary. But if the opposition seems unable to thwart the nullifiers, he may use his influence behind the scenes to block Senator Dirksen. It is generally believed that Mr. Johnson can win this fight if he chooses to do so.

A final factor has weighed heavily against the Dirksen forces from the outset: the nullifiers have a pathetically weak case. Rural folk are a minority, but so are the aged, Catholics, Christian Scientists, small businessmen, engineers and dry-goods salesmen. Why single out country people, among all the minorities in the land for special electoral protection?

Contrary to the oft-repeated claim that "machine bosses" in the big cities would dominate the political affairs of the states, these "machine bosses" are incapable of manipulating and controlling urban voters these days. At most, they help people register and reach the polls. Nor do urbanites hold common political views that would encourage the formation of political juggernauts to steam-roller the non-metropolitan areas. The cities, and their representatives in the state houses, are as diverse in their interests and outlooks as one might reasonably expect them to be. Within metropolitan areas, Republicans oppose Democrats, liberals oppose conservatives, businessmen oppose unions, small businessmen oppose big businesmen, churches oppose liquor interests, Negroes oppose whites, etc.

Political parties would not ignore rural-small town interests even if most of the effective voting power were shifted to the cities. Parties seek majorities in the state legislature, and since neither party could normally sweep the metropolitan area tickets, they would have to look for additional support throughout the state. Even when a majority is in sight, parties covet every possible seat—and the way to win is to offer an attractive program to voters in every district. While the "one man, one vote" principle will undoubtedly lead to a greater focus on urban problems, even a small minority may hold the balance of power in a close election. That is how American politics operate, and that is why rural people can be properly represented even if they are not overrepresented.

To the charge that a bicameral legislature is superfluous if both houses are based on a similar representative principle, Walter Lippmann has proposed that the bicameral tradition might be usefully preserved if one house were considerably smaller than the other, with each member representing a larger number of persons and holding office for a longer term.

In summary, it would be hard to conceive of an amendment more destitute of rational support. But, alas, logic does not always or even usually, prevail in Congress. Thus an aroused awareness of the Negro's stake in opposing the Dirksen amendment is a useful weapon. If those who speak for the Negro put up a fight, they can doubtless derail one of the most mischievous proposals of our time.

"My Dear Chaps, Have You No Refinement, No Finesse?"

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Scoring the Revolution

CASTROISM: Theory and Practice. By Theodore Draper. Frederick A. Praeger. 263 pp. $5.95. $1.95 paper.

Samuel Shapiro

Theodore Draper continues to provide the most thoroughly researched and thoughtfully written statement of the American case against Fidel Castro. In the four articles (two of them reprinted and two of them new) that make up his latest book he refines and brings up to date his analysis of the Cuban Revolution. Although he admits one or two past errors, this newest appraisal is generally consistent with what he has written during the past five years. As he puts it, "I feel fortunate in that I have not needed to change my basic view of Castroism."

In his first and most convincing chapter, wading through a mass of speeches, interviews, party programs and letters, Draper traces the curious and complicated relations of Castro and the Communists. From their original distrust of Fidel as a "bourgeois . . . putschist" in 1953, Cuba's old-line Communists entered into an uneasy alliance with him in 1958 and seemed to arrive at ideological and political dominance in 1961, only to be ousted again, one after another, between 1962 and 1965. The only constant factor in the revolution's constantly changing course has been the power, egoism, personal appeal and *caudillo*-like qualities of Fidel Castro:

> *Castroism today* (Draper sensibly concludes) *represents a tendency within the world Communist movement . . . a particular case of cross-fertilization . . . of a Latin American revolutionary tradition and the European Communist tradition, just as Leninism represented a cross-fertilization of the Russian revolutionary tradition and the European Marxist tradition.*

The special features of Castro-style communism, then, in addition to the charismatic leadership of *el líder máximo,* are that it came to world communism voluntarily, from without, that it advocates immediate revolutionary violence everywhere in the Western Hemisphere, and that it "has made the first Marxist-Leninist revolution in the Spanish language," i.e., it claims Communist leadership throughout Latin America. Both friends and foes of *fidelismo,* everyone except the die-hards who believe that Castro was a Communist practically from the cradle, can accept Draper's perceptive analysis of Castro's origins and goals, especially since almost all of it is based on public statements by the Cuban leaders themselves.

Draper's description of the economic policies of the Cuban Revolution is more open to question. What he says about the blunders of the regime, the plowing under of sugar cane, the overemphasis on industrialism, the agricultural mistakes of 1961-63 is true enough and thoroughly documented. Not enemies of the regime but Castro himself and his supporters spoke of "bureaucratized anarchy," of "revolutionary infantilism," of "economic cretinism"; the Vice Minister of Industry, a loyal revolutionary whom I interviewed in 1962, said that the proper title of his office should be "Ministry of Chaos."

But the economic policy of the revolutionary government, especially when looked at from a longer-term point of view, has not been the simple record of blunders and brutality set down by Draper. In the first place, pre-Castro Cuba was far worse off than he is willing to admit. He quotes the by now familiar statistics: per capita income of $356 in 1958, 24 per cent illiteracy, 20 per cent unemployment during the slack season "even in 1956-57, a period of economic upturn," a per capita *decline* in output between 1950 and 1958. By comparing Cuba to Ghana and to Mexico he tries to make these figures look relatively good; actually, considering Cuba's natural wealth, intelligent and enterprising people, absence of population pressure, and proximity to the United States, they are appalling. If this kind of economy, plus the Batista dictatorship, was all that Cuba could achieve after sixty years of American domination, perhaps we can understand why Castro and Guevara thought they would be better off as members of the Soviet bloc. For good or evil, at any rate, the Cuban economy is now being run from Havana, and not from Washington or Wall Street, a circumstance which gives a great many Cubans a considerable amount of psychological satisfaction.

Nor is the economic and social situation in Cuba as bleak as Draper, who has not visited the island since 1960, would have us believe. Reports from American newspaper men in Cuba in 1964, which Draper chooses to ignore, do not confirm his picture of a terrorized, suffering population.

Ernst Halperin in *Encounter,* February, 1964:

> *My own feeling on returning to Havana after an absence of two years is one of astonishment that things should still be going on as they are, that there are still buses and private cars in the streets, that the streets are still being cleaned, that the people in them still look reasonably well-fed and clothed, and that the whole city still gives one the impression of being on a higher level of economic development and general well-being than most cities in Latin-America.*

Juan de Onis, *The New York Times,* March 31, 1964, on the draft which Draper calls a scheme to get cheap forced labor:

> *There are . . . youths who see a tour of duty as a way of improving their vocational training and job prospects. This is especially true in rural areas. (One farm boy lied about his age to get taken earlier): "I know all about cutting cane and yoking oxen. What I want to learn is a trade, and they will teach me that in the army."*

Richard Eder, *The New York Times,* May 24, 1964:

> (The regime has an) *apparently solid hold on youth. The fact that it is providing wide educational opportunities and after that, jobs, even if poorly paid, the fact that its leaders are young, and that there is a spirited sense of movement about the whole thing. All this attracts most of Cuba's young people.*

Bob Considine, Hearst Headline Service, July, 1964:

> *This revolution is unlike anything else in the Soviet sphere. Everybody is permitted to have a gun, all* (church) *denominations*

Samuel Shapiro teaches history at the University of Notre Dame (South Bend). His latest book is Invisible Latin America *(Beacon Press).*

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are again wide open and well attended. Ordinary people interrupt Castro in the middle of a speech and question him.

Philip Geyelin, *The Wall Street Journal*, August, 1964:

(There are) *a host of . . . Cubans whose addiction or indebtedness to Fidel makes them a bulwark to his regime and a sizable obstacle to any policy the U.S. might devise for removing Castro. Thousands of students are pouring through Cuba's universities and technical schools. . . . Not only is their education and their brainwashing paid for by the government, but those who need it get free lodging and a spending allowance. Already they number over 100,000 and comprise perhaps the revolution's loudest advocates. . . . Perhaps 35%—and conceivably as much as half—of Cuba's 7 million population look favorably upon the revolution to greater or lesser degree; perhaps one-third is passive, either by indifference or intimidation; and maybe one-quarter is opposed. There is precious little evidence of disaffection where it would count the most—among top military men—and not much evidence of meaningful dissension anywhere else.*

Wally Porterfield, Milwaukee *Journal*, August 5, 1964:

Castro and his Communists have . . .

Given the poor of the island full stomachs.

Built many schools in an attempt to end what had been wide illiteracy, although what people may read, particularly newspapers, is blatant propaganda.

Established a law that no one pays more than 10% of his income for rent.

Given the Cubans free medical care.

Made certain that all young children get adequate milk. . . .

We concluded that the majority of Cuba's peasants and workers—the bulk of the island's population—supported Castro.

Max Lerner, after a visit to last year's 26th of July celebrations, concluded that "Castro's Cuba is not all evil or all good, and it is one of the hardest revolutions in my experience to strike a balance sheet for." But Draper, evidently, is not interested in striking a balance, but in acting as a prosecuting attorney. His account of Cuba is just as true, and just as short of the full truth, as those recurrent stories in Cuban papers which present the United States as nothing more than a seething cauldron of poverty, racial prejudice and violence.

When the evidence does not help Draper's case, he ignores it, a practice more praiseworthy in an attorney than in a journalist-historian. Cuba's massive investment in education, for example, is one of the most impressive programs in the underdeveloped world. Draper might well want to criticize it for ideological rigidity or to argue that its effectiveness has been exaggerated; instead he ignores it. He tells us that there were still so many illiterates left in 1964 that Guevara had to prohibit their employment in his Ministry of Industry, and that the evaluation of education "poses special problems"—and that is *all* he tells us. It seems strange that a man who can look into the minds of Cuba's revolutionary leaders ("Short of utter capitulation, I cannot conceive of any U.S. policy that would have satisfied the souls of Fidel, Raul, and 'El Che'" —*Castro's Revolution*, 1962) is unable to find anything to say about a program that has doubled primary school enrollment, tripled secondary school enrollment, and involved 700,000 illiterate adults (Dudley Seers, et al., *Cuba: The Economic and Social Revolution*, 1964, an important study which Draper ignores).

In his last, and weakest chapter, Draper makes his policy recommendations in the form of a reply to Senator Fulbright's *Old Myths and New Realities* (1964). The Senator's cautious call for a reappraisal of our policy of absolute hostility to Castro is called "a euphemism for capitulation." Basing his suggestions on his analysis of Cuba's economic situation, Draper insists that the Communist revolution in Cuba is "reversible," that the regime is "brittle," and that Castro can be brought down by "the young, the disillusioned, the 'revolutionary'" within Cuba. We will not need to send in another force of Cuban exiles, or the "minimum of three to six U.S. divisions (that) would be required to invade and occupy" the island. We should instead continue our present policies of embargo and sabotage, "let Castro make more mistakes," and offer discreet assistance to revolutionary movements inside Cuba; "like the phoenix, such movements rise out of the fire and ashes, eternally old and eternally young."

That was Draper's policy after the Bay of Pigs, four years ago: "there will be an underground, and despite the present setback, it will revive and grow." It seems even more unreal and naive now than it did then. Elsewhere in his work Draper carefully

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cites names, quotes speeches and gives production figures. But his faith in the anti-Castro underground is merely faith. If communism is as intolerable and as unable to reform itself and correct its mistakes as Draper believes, and if the growth of an anti-Communist underground is therefore inevitable, it is hard to see why resistance movements, phoenix-like, have not yet arisen in the Soviet Union, China and the rest of the Communist nations of the world. Until there is real evidence of an organized resistance to Castro inside Cuba, we will have to regard this as one of Draper's fancies, a piece of wishful thinking. Juanita Castro, Fidel's disaffected sister, knows better: "these groups (inside Cuba) are not able to carry out the overthrow of the Communist government."

There is, finally, something to be said about the hemispheric significance of the Cuban Revolution, and its implications for our Latin American policy as a whole. In all his books and articles about Cuba, as in his recent excellent analysis of our intervention in the Dominican Republic (in *The New Leader*, May 24, 1965), Draper assumes that the United States really does support democracy and social reform in Latin America, and that contrary decisions are the result of misunderstanding, poor intelligence work, incompetent diplomats or honest mistakes. But by now, after four years of the Alliance for Progress and more than a dozen U.S.-approved, supported or instigated assassinations, *golpes*, *cuartelazos* and other illegal transfers of power to military regimes, it ought to be clear that something more than chance or error is involved. The truth is that American diplomats (like Ambassador William Tapley Bennett in Santo Domingo and his chief Thomas Mann in Washington) prefer military men who will cooperate with the United States and use our weapons to keep "order," in place of democratic social reformers like Juan Bosch, who might rock the boat and let in the Communists. Draper scornfully quotes Guevara's remark to an Italian correspondent last year that:

> *. . . the war of liberation will necessarily assume a violent form in almost every one of these* (Latin American) *countries—in almost all, I say. Violence is the only form in which their political will can manifest itself.*

I share Draper's commitment to democratic reform—where it is possible. But how else except by revolution can reform be brought to Caribbean neighbors of Cuba like Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras? Elections in those countries, and in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Ecuador and Peru (to name only the countries that have experienced recent military take-overs) are exactly what Castro called them—"electoral farces." Draper, whatever his shortcomings and partiality with regard to Cuba, understands the urgency of rapid social, political and economic change elsewhere in the hemisphere; but the State Department officials whose Dominican policy he so stingingly criticizes evidently do not.

The Trojan Men

THE GREEN BERETS. By Robin Moore. Crown Publishers. 341 pp. $4.95.

Daniel Ford

The men of Special Forces were this country's best hope for winning the Vietnamese conflict under the old ground rules. While Mr. Moore's book was being published, unfortunately, we changed the rules. Special Forces has slipped into the background (where, it should be said, such organizations function best), while conventional U.S. troops are bearing a larger share of combat. Not that *The Green Berets* is invalidated thereby. The book might still have been a valuable account of a type of warfare which came into its own in this decade, and which may become increasingly common in decades to come.

The Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg, N.C., takes three kinds of soldiers and turns them into three kinds of experts — propagandists, counterinsurgency specialists and guerrillas (or anti-guerrillas). The last are the wearers of the green berets, the men of Special Forces. At one time they sported a replica of the Trojan horse on their berets; the emblem has since been abandoned but it is still the best description of their technique. The basic organization is a twelve-man team, trained to create and to command a full battalion of irregulars behind enemy lines. In Vietnam, Special Forces teams are working with ethnic minorities in the Central Highlands and the western reaches of the Mekong Delta; they also operate covertly in Laos and, if Mr. Moore is to be believed, have infiltrated into North Vietnam as well.

Unfortunately, Mr. Moore cannot always be believed. Army pilots will be astonished to learn that the U-10 Courier, a light plane, can take off in "less than forty feet." The manufacturer recommends 500 feet for this operation. *The Green Berets* is full of such howlers, many of them no doubt due to the speed with which it was rushed into print.

More significantly, the author is under the illusion that Vietcong is synonymous with North Vietnamese and that there is some basic difference between Northerners and Southerners in that divided land. Thus, he refers to Ho Chi Minh's troops as Vietcong wherever they are found, declares that Vietnamese (meaning Southerners) will not fight at night while the Vietcong will, and dismisses all Southern-born Communists as "sympathizers," as opposed to the "hard-core North Vietnamese" who do most of the fighting. One can only hope that the men of Special Forces have a more realistic understanding of revolutionary warfare in South Vietnam.

Perhaps it is unfair to fault Mr. Moore as a historian when his book is labeled "fiction stranger than fact!" on a band which was added after publication. (The band was an attempt to mollify the Pentagon, which apparently feels that Mr. Moore has jeopardized national security with his book.) But *The Green Berets* is not especially good fiction, either, except in parts. The characters seldom come alive, the prose reminds one of true-life adventure magazines, and the heroics of the narrator are tiresome indeed.

Still, there are gold nuggets among the corn. There is the cruel Vietnamese interrogator who watches a polygraph lie detector and cries: "This is truly a fine machine. Now we don't waste time. We know exactly who to torture." That sounds true,

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Daniel Ford's background includes a hitch at the Special Warfare Center and a two months' assignment in Vietnam last year for this magazine. His novel Now Comes Theodora, *has been recently published by Doubleday.*

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rather than factual. So does the Syrian-American intelligence sergeant named Ossidian—a tired, crafty man who might have walked off the pages of a John Le Carré novel. Sergeant Ossidian appears twice in *The Green Berets*. He has a chapter pretty much to himself, and a walk-on role in the book's concluding and most clearly fictional episode—a breath-taking account of a Special Forces operation behind the lines in North Vietnam.

The Green Berets is most effective when it is least literal. Mr. Moore should have ignored history altogether. He might have turned his material into an unforgettable novel, and he would have spared the nation's librarians a bit of trouble in cataloguing his book.

THEATRE

Julius Novick

STRATFORD II

In the course of his successful efforts to create an artistic personality for the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Conn., Allen Fletcher, the festival's artistic director, has personally staged all of this season's four productions except *The Taming of the Shrew*. There is some question as to who *did* direct that one. The program reads: "Original production concept by Don Driver, Directed by Joseph Anthony." Rumor has it that Mr. Driver went too far with his "production concept," which involved a troupe of strolling players, whose wagon becomes the setting for their play, and a lot of Spanishy accouterments. Mr. Anthony, it is said, was brought in to replace him and tone things down.

At any rate, the strolling players, the wagon, and some Spanishy costumes and props, though still in evidence, are used somewhat sparingly, as if someone had recoiled at the last minute from the dangers of "Bright Idea" Shakespeare. But these dangers are at a minimum with *The Taming of the Shrew*, which is a farce. Farce differs from comedy most fundamentally in that a comedy is a literary work, which needs only to be translated into stage terms with its values intact (not that that's such an only), whereas a farce is a scenario for actors and directors to have fun with.

In this case, it is reasonably good fun. The direction is tentative and inconsistent, quite undistinguished for farcical inventiveness. But the performance is easily, breezily good-natured, fast but not loud; nothing is forced, nobody works too hard, there are no lapses of taste; and the performers are ingratiating and deft. John Cunningham is a conventionally swashbuckling, glossy Petruchio; Ruby Dee as Katherina is less bold, more subtle. The entire production—like the play itself—is easier to like than to admire.

Mr. Fletcher's production of *Coriolanus* provides a good balance for this amiable, trifling *Shrew*: it vindicates an unpopular play that is traditionally easier to admire than to like. Hegel said that tragedy is the conflict of two rights; *Coriolanus* is the conflict of two wrongs. It suggests that neither democracy nor fascism is a viable form of government. The Roman populace is represented as ignorant, gullible, fickle, turbulent and ungrateful; the martial hero whom they exile is "vengeance proud" — also foul-mouthed, unstable and rash, true neither to his country nor himself. He is strong only in battle; otherwise he is abjectly at the disposal of his pride, of his anger and of his formidable mother. He is not evil, but — far worse, for dramatic purposes — he runs the risk of being merely disagreeable.

It is the triumph of Philip Bosco's performance that in his hands Coriolanus is never disagreeable. Mr. Bosco simply cannot be unlikable on stage, which means, among other things, that he need never cheapen himself or the character in order to be liked. In this performance, moreover, the actor's innate charm is yoked to a splendid sense of Roman dignity.

To some people, of course, it will sound like an accusation to say that any artistic creation is less disagreeable than it might be. Many modern intellectuals—and many more intellectual hangers-on — overreacting against the insipidity of popular culture, demand that the artist be a full-time rebel, forever hacking away at the roots of the social order. They more than half believe that the first obligation of Art is to be nasty. (At least one professor at Harvard quite explicitly maintains that unless a play is "disturbing" it can't really be any good. He at least is more clear-minded than many who make similar assumptions but will not avow them.) Such people take it for granted that any artist who does not fulfill these demands must have sold out, or at best have become an unwitting tool of the Establishment. And the connections between the American Shakespeare Festival and the Establishment — both the theatrical and the general Establishment—are easy to document.

But Mr. Bosco's work, though pleasing, is legitimate and cogent—and far from insipid. It is true that the

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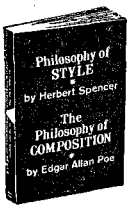

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actor, with his dignity and his urbane, stinging irony, does miss the character's sick intensity, the abandoned fury of his ragings. But to emphasize this side of Coriolanus would be to risk forfeiting what is equally important: the element of greatness in the character, of which Mr. Bosco keeps us always aware.

If the director does not try to expose and demean Coriolanus, does not make the play a tract against the Man on Horseback, he does not make it an anti-democratic pamphlet either. The mob might easily have been shown as not only turbulent but vicious. But Shakespeare's plebeians are not malicious, only misled, as this production's crisp and well-staged crowd scenes make clear. Mr. Fletcher even declines to nastify the popular leaders, the Tribunes; one of them—as played strongly, finely, and without whitewash by Frederic Warriner—emerges as a worthy opponent of Coriolanus. On the patrician side again, Patrick Hines gives a funny,

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A discussion of the state of American medicine which covers the growing alienation of doctor and patient, the incomes of practitioners and organized medicine's opposition to a national health program. The book also describes the professional hierarchy that rules medicine, as well as clarifies the relationship between doctors and the multibillion-dollar drug industry.

SCIENCE AND HUMAN VALUES. J. Bronowski. Harper & Row. $3.

In a revised and enlarged edition of his now classic book, Dr. Bronowski continues his analysis of the role of science and the scientist in a modern society. Portions of this book originally appeared in *The Nation.*

A HANDFUL OF CLIENTS. Elmer Gertz. Follett. $5.95.

An attorney, the author tells of the clients, cases and causes that he has defended. The book deals with the Nathan Leopold parole hearings; the Otto Eisenschiml case, which explored the nature of the copyright laws; the obscenity trial of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer,* and a narcotics conspiracy trial. Mr. Gertz has written recently for *The Nation* (July 5) on censorship.

JOURNEY TO THE JADE SEA. John Hillaby. Simon & Schuster. $5.50.

The remarkable and humorous tale of a journey through Africa.

SECOND GENERATION. Raymond Williams. Horizon. $4.95.

A novel which examines the problems of modern life by way of academic intrigues and labor struggles.

BEHOLD THE FIRE. Michael Blankfort. New American Library. $5.95.

The story of a Jewish underground espionage and spy cell which helped the British drive the Ottomans from Palestine.

THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK. Laurence Barrett. Doubleday. $4.95.

The machinations of City Hall politics provide the underpinnings for this novel about a mayoralty nomination.

NOTHING FOR TIGERS. Hayden Carruth. Macmillan. $3.95.

Hayden Carruth's first full collection of poems since *The Crow and the Heart,* in 1959. Some of these poems were first published in *The Nation.*

CRIMES WITHOUT VICTIMS. Edwin M. Schur. Prentice-Hall. $4.95. $1.95 paper.

The author urges wider public understanding of the problems of abortion, drug addiction and homosexuality.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL DREW. Bouck White. American Research Council. $5.

Semi-fiction, semi-autobiography, *The Book of Daniel Drew* presents the inside story of one of the first great Wall Street speculators.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. Melvin H. Bernstein. College & University Press. $1.95 paper.

An examination of John Jay Chapman, turn-of-the-century essayist and poet.

THE DIPLOMATIC SMUGGLER. Sir John Lomax. Arthur Barker, Ltd. $5.25.

The memoirs of the diplomat who, as Commercial Counsellor in Madrid, Berne and Ankara during the last war, fought a battle of wits against the Axis blockade to insure that vital supplies reached England and the United States.

NOW COMES THEODORA. Daniel Ford. Doubleday. $4.95.

A novel of the morals, manners and ideals of today's bomb-scared younger generation.

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charming, touching performance—a subtle and lucid performance—as old Menenius. Mr. Fletcher, as is his custom, holds the balance with scrupulous fairness. He shows us the best of all parties—not the only possible approach, but in this case the results justify it.

And then, of course, there is that remarkable creation, Coriolanus' mother Volumnia, in a deftly modulated performance by Aline MacMahon. This is the Age of Freud, and the evils and excesses of motherhood—from the Silver Cord, through Momism, to the formidable image of the Jewish Mother—are very much on the popular mind. We are therefore apt to see Volumnia somewhat differently from the way Mrs. Siddons played her, and of this Miss MacMahon is well aware. She is always believable as a Roman matron, never guilty of anachronism in speech or gesture, but she is not the old-fashioned with-your-shield-or-on-it sort of classical battle-ax either. As she tames her son with a mother's ultimate weapon—guilt—she is reminiscent of all the Feiffer cartoons on the subject.

And she is legitimately so. Because when Volumnia, in the famous and climactic scene in which she says to her son, ". . . thou shalt no sooner march to assault thy country than to tread . . . on thy mother's womb. . . . Thou hast never in thy life show'd thy dear mother any courtesy," she becomes a precursor of the mother in *Bye Bye Birdie* who, when crossed, threatens to go home and stick her head in the oven. In Volumnia's scenes, as Miss MacMahon plays them, we see a little of why Shaw called *Coriolanus* Shakespeare's greatest comedy.

There is, then, a standard of acting at Stratford, and a style of production. What with its regular summer season, its winter training program for the younger actors in the company, and its spring season for students (which attracts 160,000 people a year from twelve surrounding states), the festival is now a year-round operation. With its young and competent company, augmented by a few modestly cast guest performers; with its policy of sternly subordinating visual display to the purposes of the plays; with sometimes lusterless but generally creditable direction, the American Shakespeare Festival seems, in its eleventh year, to have finally found itself.

Riddles: Robert Dana

1.

What is,
happened,
simply;
in no
one hour,
one weather;
no one willing.

It was,
is, shall
be, there,
in that
single
season
where, no
matter,

selves and
weathers
leap into
one shape:
a new
place, new
way of
breathing.

2.

I sense an end
though there is none
(neither places,
nor gift of dark
are, nor losses,
last words)
and am
not ready, nor
ever can be.

Nothing we say
or do can bear
on it, more than
on the flower
perishing in its
color; nor we
bear it,
but do.

Both beginnings,
endings fail us.
No time is enough.
We are not enough.

3.

We have
it, not
having it:

(as this ground
holds
forever
the impress
of its first
blossoms
where they fell)

our one
moment,
silent,
in this delicate,
small
spray
of bones.

4.

Scents. Traces.
Only.

Easily, as trees
walk
into their own
shadows,
another silence
turns
through this empty
room:

one sound,
one
voice, breaking
me now.

5.

It is,
whatever
it is;
binding us
like time
into time.
Mattering.
This room,
our universe.
Its darkness,
our single
star.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE KNACK — CAT BALLOU

WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

The summer comedies are getting audiences the easy way — dressing up old ideas with new faces and lively direction. They succeed, in part, and when they don't they are background for the blissful air conditioning.

The best of the current laugh leaders is *The Knack,* screen version of Ann Jellicoe's play; it is directed by Richard Lester, whose quick hand with the camera was seen here last year in the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night.* A boy (Ray Brooks) with dark clothes, dark glasses, black gloves, "Mod" haircut and motorcycle has a way with girls that sharply reminded me of an undertaker's way with a corpse. But for the purposes of the story it is a wildly effective knack, and his two fresh-faced friends (Michael Crawford and Donal Donnelly) are avid to learn it. The opportunity comes when a country girl (Rita Tushingham) blunders into their company while seeking the YWCA. I fear that the reader is now ahead of me, having guessed that untutored young manhood will be favored by Miss Tushingham over the mortuary approach.

But the point of *The Knack* is not the plot, but what can be done with it. Mr. Lester flings it through the bystreets of London and up and down the narrow staircase of the boys' lodgings like a dance of amorous shepherds (an intermittent chorus of sour-faced oldsters spices the revels with envious maledictions). The foursome is witty, inventive, stupendously energetic; Miss Tushingham is a plain girl whose allure resides in the fact that she behaves exactly as though she were a great beauty (she is gat-toothed — a sign, according to Chaucer, of passion in women). The camera matches these four caper for caper and the editing is syncopated to a rollicking background score. It goes to show what bright and agile performers and an uninhibited director can do with standard delicatessen.

After *The Knack, What's New Pussycat?,* set in Paris and the countryside, but also on the theme of exigent sex, seems labored, physically exhausted, a little grimy. Part of the trouble is with the so-called script by Woody Allen, a television hysteric who also plays second clown to Peter Sellers. He has tried to offset a basic lack of situation invention by proliferating old gags, and he lacks an accurate sense of the dividing line between wackiness and neurosis. A second trouble is Peter O'Toole in the central role of a young man who wants to marry but cannot bring himself to forsake the implausible availability and confectionary beauty of the young ladies who excite his days and fill his dreams. This requires a sense of frivolity and a degree of self-mockery — qualities in which Mr. O'Toole is notably lacking. For a man of his surname, he has a surprisingly Germanic view of himself.

Given that weight to push, Sellers (as a sex-mad Viennese psychiatrist in a Renaissance haircut) turns strident, and the extravagantly endowed and motivated girls become sweaty. *What's New Pussycat?* runs into that deadly theatrical situation wherein the performers appear to be entertaining themselves and the audience foots the bill.

Cat Ballou (name of the heroine, played by Jane Fonda) is television on the big screen. It is billed as a satire on the Western—an old idea, but a useful one—and the core idea of trying to blow up a cow-country storm with gunfighters whom age and booze have turned tremulous and bleary-eyed is worth exploiting. But Elliot Silverstein, who directed this lampoon, does not understand that the recipe for satire calls for irony, understatement and perfect solemnity. He keeps slapping his thighs over the generally witless japes of a sudsy horse opera.

His star, Lee Marvin, has the right idea. He plays the sodden and derelict Kid Shellen — fastest draw in Deadwood (twenty years ago) with utter absorption in his own legend. But Marvin seems to be engaged in a private tour de force of bittersweet characterization while around him the cast is romping through a watered-down *Oklahoma* (Stubby Kaye and the late Nat King Cole are the banjo-strumming minstrels of the production). It is impossible to satirize a corpse, and I found in *Cat Ballou* the melancholy conviction that the Western has finally died.

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